FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

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Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

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Forty Years of Fellowship in Prayer

The first the world knew of Fellowship in Prayer was on December 12, 1949, when readers of *The New York Times* opened their papers to find an advertisement from an organization whose aim was nothing less than to create a peaceful world through the power of prayer.

The founders of Fellowship in Prayer, Carl A. Evans and Kathryn G. Brown, realized that with the atomic bomb always lurking in the background, the only power that could save the world from the destructive forces of fear, suspicion and hatred, was the concentrated power of individual, universal prayer.

Their ideals and their struggle to make their vision a reality in the face of severe financial and personal tribulations (as well as heartwarming and widespread support from countless dedicated men and women all over the country) is recounted in articles by trustees and friends that make up this 40th anniversary issue of Fellowship in Prayer.

What you will read in these pages is the inspiring account of dedicated individuals who believed—and who continue to believe—that individuals and individual prayer and meditation can make a difference in the world; can, in fact, change the course of history.

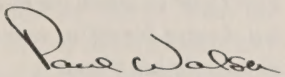
Today, as we start our 40th year of Fellowship in Prayer, we give thanks that we have been spared atomic war. At the same time, we are deeply disturbed that through ignorance, greed, and folly we are bringing upon ourselves a disaster of potentially similar proportions—the destruction of the environment.

Once again, Fellowship in Prayer believes that the answer is prayer. Prayer and meditation, we believe, can generate in each of us the desire and the will to do all we can, as individuals, to reawaken our love and respect for all of God's creation and restore it to its unpolluted state.

Once again, following the insight of our co-founders, we assert that, whatever their religious background, *individuals* share a common belief

in the primacy of love, compassion, mercy, and harmony and in the power of prayer and meditation to bring those qualities to full flower in the human heart.

In the 40-year old tradition of Carl A. Evans and Kathryn G. Brown, therefore, we shall continue to do all we can to promote the practice of prayer and meditation. It is our firm belief that thereby our selfish and callous indifference to the welfare of our God-given home can be transformed into the wisdom to know, the compassion to care, and the will to do what must be done to Help Heal Mother Earth.



Paul Walsh
President

An Interview With Miss Brown

Fellowship in Prayer was founded in 1949 by Carl Allison Evans. When he died in 1956, leadership fell to his associate, Miss Kathryn G. Brown, who first became acting Executive Secretary, then Executive Secretary, and then President of the Board of Trustees. Miss Brown retired in 1977, moved out of her beloved New York City, and went to live in a retirement community in Whiting, New Jersey. She occupies a small house filled with mementoes of the Fellowship—Mr. Evans's collection of handcarved elephants, fine old china, a pair of Chinese lanterns, Chinese rugs, paintings, scrolls, and photographs, and the VariTyper on which the bi-monthly publication was set for years. Miss Brown has devoted herself in retirement to gardening, reading, and cooking huge dinners for her friends.

Miss Brown: When I decided to leave the United Board for Christian Colleges in China to help Mr. Evans with Fellowship in Prayer, I handed in my resignation. Tears came to Mr. Seaman's eyes and he said: "Miss Brown, I was depending on you so much." He was a fine man. I never felt so sorry for a man in my whole life. "Well, Mr. Seaman," I said, "I think it's better this way." So that was that. Once I make up my mind and see my way through, there's no turning back. I never turn back.

When Mr. Evans left the United Board, he went to see people and formed the committee that was the beginning of the Fellowship—Dr. Hung, Mrs. Taylor, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop Yu Ping. They persuaded Mr. Evans to go ahead with his idea. So he took his pension and I took the insurance I had gotten on my resignation from the Board—it was around three thousand dollars—and we put an ad in *The New York Times* on December 12, 1949, answering the ad run by Mr. Ferris Booth—"God and the Atom." And that was the beginning of the Fellowship. We didn't have much to begin with—a little office with no air, no windows. We had an old mimeograph machine and Mr. Evans had a printing press on which we set up the letterhead. But that didn't stop us. And after we ran the ad, Harry Halsey Starrett got in touch with us and Mary Hornaday of the The Christian Science Monitor came and did a story about the Fellowship and the Senator from Colorado read the story into The Congressional Record.

FIP: Where did Mr. Evans get his idea for an all-faith prayer fellowship?

Miss Brown: From his time as a missionary in the Philippines, where he'd

seen missionaries who should have known better than to quarrel over little things that didn't have anything to do with religion. Mr. Evans thought it was awful. What about countries, then? Hostilities are so unnecessary. He said people should know better, and the individual heart must be changed to bring about peace in the world. That's what gave him the idea of prayer. Prayer is the heart of all religions believing in a Supreme Being.

FIP: What was Mr. Evans like?

Miss Brown: He was the most humble Christian man who ever walked the face of the earth. He was always doing things for other people, taking very little credit for himself—very little. When he retired from the United Board, they wrote that he was "surely one of those modest men who has served untiringly head, heart, and hand for the advancement of God's Kingdom."

After the ad appeared, I told Mr. Evans I thought he needed somebody with independent funds to help him. I myself couldn't live in New York without getting a salary. I said, "Mr. Evans, it's too bad we have to have money, but we have to in order to live." I thought he should find someone else. I also didn't want to get involved in the bookkeeping of the Fellowship, which had to be done the same as if you were running a small business. But Mr. Evans said, "I don't know anyone with your innate qualities, Miss Brown, who is better able to carry on the work. I'm not doing this without you." So he paid me a salary just so that I could get on.

My one ambition was to do something worthwhile, to be creative. I am sort of a creative person. Ideas come to me. Many ideas came to me after prayer—some I could carry out, some I couldn't. But I did what I could. When things opened up, I would follow through. My education was not too much—I mean, as far as college goes. That's what I've always said to Dr. Hung (President Emeritus of Fellowship in Prayer): "Here I am working with all college graduates!" And he would say, "Forget about them, Miss Brown. Prayer is all you need."

It was never my wish to get a big salary. Money was secondary with me, never number one. Number one was to do something that would be helpful to the world or to other people. Believe me, when I was in the office I did plenty of work. I never had thoughts of a return for myself. Never. You must never have money in mind. I feel if you do your work and do it well, the money will come.

And it's amazing—that year, things opened up just like a door. If I had

turned my back on it, I'm sure something would have happened to me. I couldn't think of the money part and forget all those people. That's what Mr. Evans said: "How can I forget all those people?"

FIP: When and how did the first bi-monthly get published?

Miss Brown: In 1950. Mr. Evans never meant to have a publication. He sent out reports to people who had contributed to tell them what we were doing with the money. These reports eventually became the publication. I did it on the portable typewriter, then we mimeographed it, and sent it out.

Mr. Evans and I did the whole thing in the office. Stapled it. We bought some covers, like you use for a church bulletin. Some of them looked pretty bad. But Mr. Evans didn't ever want to have a "slick publication" like the Reader's Digest and all the rest. He figured out the size, which was one you could put in your pocket and carry easily. He wanted it to be unique.

A lot of people were really interested in the work. *Sunshine* magazine cooperated. They published an article about Mr. Evans. So did *Guideposts*. And others.

FIP: In addition to the publication, what other kind of work was being done by the Fellowship?

Miss Brown: One of Mr. Evans's plans was to put ads—like the one that had come out in the Times—in different papers across the country. He thought there would be a kind of chain-reaction.

There was also the annual reports to put out. The reports were sent out to all the trustees and all the contributors—like Mrs. Lilly and others. Mrs. Lilly looked forward to getting it.

I don't remember quite how she came to the Fellowship. She had been a contributor to the United Board, and Mr. Evans knew her. One year Helen Dudley Young did a very nice Christmas card for us, and as I recall, Mrs. Lilly ordered a large number of them—around five-hundred, I think—and she payed a good sum for them. And from then on she became interested and gave so much each year.

Later she told me that Mr. Evans's name—Carl Allison Evans—had caught her eye right away. Because her maiden name was Ruth Allison. She was wondering if, further back, they were related.

She never met Mr. Evans, I think. But, you know if you correspond with someone for a number of years, you know them better than if you meet them once or twice. And Mr. Evans wrote very nice letters. That

was how she and I got to know each other, too. And when I met her she was so gracious and thereafter she became more friendly. She'd write me personal letters and tell me all about the family.

I didn't meet her until the middle of the 'sixties—1965 or '64. That year Dr. Hung and I went on a speaking trip to California. Zelma Dennis, our Adivsor there, had it well organized. Both Dr. Hung and I spoke. While we were there, Helen Young brought Mr. Evans's portrait—the famous drawing, the one in the office. When we left California, we took the portrait with us. We stopped off in Chicago, where our great friend Anna Grace Sawyer had arranged for Dr. Hung to speak to the Greater Chicago Federation of Churches. Then, the next day, we flew to Chicago to Indianapolis.

Mrs. Lilly met us at the airport. In the plane as it was landing, I said to Dr. Hung, "How is Mrs. Lilly going to recognize us?" He said,

Kathryn G. Brown

"Don't worry about that. There are not many young ladies traveling with a Chinese professor." And she was right there at the gate. When we got to the Lillys' home, Mrs. Lilly said we could take our choice of rooms. I had a great big room and bath, and so did Dr. Hung. We rested awhile, then later on there was a big dinner-party—the most beautiful table I've ever seen. We had a lovely dinner, a lot of talk going on, Mr. Williams of Lilly Endowment was there. He was head of the religious department. After dinner, we retired to the library and they requested that Mr. Evans' picture be opened and it was placed in the library with a light over it. They thought it was beautiful. Next morning, the portrait had to rewrapped, and Dr. Hung and Mr. Lilly got down on their knees on the floor and did it up themselves. It was a very touching moment. Afterwards, Dr. Hung set it up on the settee. "Dr. Hung," I said, "maybe you shouldn't set it there. It might damamge the brocade. "Whereupon Mrs. Lilly said, "Oh no, that's all right. If it gets damaged, it will be an antique!" This is an indication of the type of woman she was.

During the dinner-party at the Lilly's, incidentally, Dr. Hung said to Mr. Williams, "Don't you think Mrs. Lilly and Miss Brown resemble each other?"

I said, "That's a compliment to me, Dr. Hung, but I don't know about Mrs. Lilly."

But they actually did think so. Although Mrs. Lilly was an older woman she was well-preserved. She did not have gray hair.

FIP: You met a great many very interesting people through the Fellowship. Whom do you remember?

Miss Brown: Well, there were the Luces. Henry W., the father, was a missionary. He was one of the nicest men I ever met. Henry R. was the Time-Life man. Mr. Evans didn't want him to get interested in the Fellowship. Mr. Evans knew him very well—he was chairman of one of the boards for the United Board. Mr. Evans felt that Henry R. would take over the Fellowship and make it something that Mr. Evans did not intend to have. Mr. Evans didn't want big people like that to dominate the Fellowship. He wanted to start from the bottom up, build a firm foundation, and not have it snowball. He said it wouldn't mean anything then, and it wouldn't be lasting.

But the large majority of contacts I had with people was through letters.

FIP: You conducted most of the Fellowship's business by letter?
Miss Brown: Yes. That's why I could do my best work at night. Because you've got to be inspired to write a letter. It's nothing to write a business letter so long as you know your subject. But to write our type of letter is entirely different, and I had to learn.

When somebody got me annoyed, I would never reply to them right away. Never. Nor did I get angry. I never put myself on their level. I got a letter, for instance, from a well-known minister in a large Presbyterian church who wrote criticizing me for the work I was doing. He thought I shouldn't be interfaith but totally Christian. Well, I wrote him a letter. And I got not one letter of apology back but three. "Of course, Miss Brown," he said, "I was wrong." And he explained why he was wrong.

I would always write as well as I could. I would be gracious but stick to the truth. Don't tell anything which is not the truth. Don't be dishonest in any way. That is one thing I will not stand for. Anything that is right I will stand up for, anything that is not right I will not support. What's right is right.
FIP: Who were some of the other interesting people involved in the Fellowship?
Miss Brown: In 1953 the Seekers and Harmony Prayer Circle in England became interested in our work. Mr. Evans said being linked with them is a powerful help to the Fellowship. (Note: Fellowship in Prayer continues the practice, established then, of joining the Seekers in prayer at a designated hour each week.)

Another very interested person was Mrs. Rideout—Frances Rideout. One day, when she was visiting her daughter in Indianapolis, she heard a knock at the door and there was the *Times* for the day and in it was our ad. She read it through and right there and then realized it was the idea she happened to be looking for, for a speech she had to make. She contacted us and started the ball rolling in California. California was our largest state for members and contributors. At the time we had a big map in the office. We would put pins in the map where the Fellowship was reaching. Thanks to Mrs. Rideout, there were always the most pins out in California.

Mrs. Rideout, you might be interested to know, was the one who suggested our using Dürer's "Praying Hands."

Rhoda Hung did a magnificent piece of work in the Boston area.

Dr. W. J. Thompson was a great help. He was a renowned minister.

Gordon Belding and Frank Mastropaolo both rendered outstanding services to Fellowship in Prayer and me.

And A. E. Johnson. He wrote a verse that appeared in the times, entitled "Serendipity," and Mr. Evans read it and was so impressed by it he got in touch with Professor Johnson, who was head of the drama department at Syracuse University. He contributed many poems to the publication and eventually became a trustee.

Anna Grace Sawyer was another interesting person. She was a wealthy florist—an elderly woman. She knew Mr. Evans. She helped him finance the Fellowship. She did a great deal for it, getting it into churches in Forest Park, Oak Park, and Chicago. It was she who had me speak in Chicago.

When I left Chicago, I flew down to Lima, Ohio, to meet Mr. Starrett. Mr. Evans' had wanted to meet him, so I went down to Lima to, so to speak, fulfill his desire. I became deathly sick on the plane, but when we got there, Mr. Starrett had a beautiful room for me in the hotel. On the dresser was a gorgeous orchid and a great big bouquet of flowers. Karl Frey, a Fellowship Advisor, sent them. And the Felgers drove through the snow from Fort Wayne. Next morning, the editor of the paper came, and the photographer took pictures of Mr. Starrett and me. They had set up a TV appearance for me, too. I was very nervous about it, so nervous that I tried to stand up with all that wiring on me, but Mr. Starrett said I did well, he was very pleased. There are many others. And our Advisors and Trustees, of course.

FIP: People have said Mr. Evans's genius lay in his idea of groups in prayer together—that that was something new.

Miss Brown: That's true. Mr. Evans felt it was the personal touch that would advance the Fellowship. He was an amazing person. All the Chinese loved him. He was so plain, he could fit into any situation. It didn't matter if people had money or were very poor, he would fit in.

FIP: Mr. Evans had bad health in the last years, didn't he?

Miss Brown: In 1953, my sister Helen had to have an operation, so I took my vacation to take care of her two children, who were small then. She wouldn't trust anyone else. The first morning I was there, Mrs. Evans called me. She was so upset she was almost in tears. She said Mr. Evans was in the White Plains hospital—they'd taken him right from the train, and he was operated on for gall stones at eight o'clock that night. Mr.

Evans had a congested heart. Mrs. Evans said he was very bad, in an oxygen tent. I said I'd go right down to the office in New York. Which I did. My uncle drove me to the station. Then on Thursday Mrs. Evans wanted me to go up to Scarsdale. She said no one could see Mr. Evans, but thought I could for just a moment. So I went. He was happy to see me. He was confined for two months. I went up to see him twice a week. Later, when he got over that operation, he had to have a prostate operation, too. He pulled through in spite of his heart-condition. When he came back to the office, though, he couldn't do too much. Then—in 1954—Mrs. Evans passed away, and I went up and helped him with the funeral. I found the green satin dress which I had purchased for her in New York, and gave her an orchid. She looked beautiful. Mr. Evans remarked, "Just like when she was young."

After that, Mr. Evans wasn't himself for that whole year. Mrs. Evans and he had been quite close, and he missed her a great deal. He wasn't the same.

In 1956, I came in on Tuesday after the Christmas holidays—that was the third of January. And he didn't look well. In the afternoon, I said, "Mr. Evans, don't you think you ought to see a doctor?" He said, no, he'd wait till he got home. That afternoon two people came to the office, but Mr. Evans, who was always a gentleman, did not get to his feet. I was sorry I mentioned it, I don't know what made me mention it, but when they went out, I said, "Mr. Evans, you weren't too cordial with them—you didn't get up when they came in." He didn't say much. Afterwards, he didn't look at all well. I suggested I go out and get a little supper. I got fruit and one or two other things, which he liked. So he went to his room to lie down awhile, then came in and sat down and ate. He was talking about when he and Mrs. Evans went to the Philippines, when all of a sudden he stopped—like that. I looked up and said, "Mr. Evans, don't you feel well?" No response. And then his head drooped, and I caught him. I pulled him to me. And I pulled the chair over so I could get to the phone. I was afraid he would fall on the floor. I called Jack at the desk. I said, "Mr. Evans had a heart-attack. Will you send someone up quickly?" He said, "Miss Brown, do you want the oxygen?" I said yes, "Get a doctor!" So Jack, the desk clerk, came up immediately. He tried to get him on the couch. Then a nurse who lived on the floor came and undid his tie and took his shoes off. The doctor came and Miss Heath came and said, "I think he is gone."

Kathryn G. Brown

"Yes," I said, "I feel sure." There was no pulse, you see.

Then I had such trouble with the office. The doctor said to notify the police. They came and locked the office. I said, "You had no right to do that. I have as much right in the office as Mr. Evans because I'm a member of the board." "Oh," they said, "in that event."

I will tell you, that day, I will never know where the strength came from. By the end of it I was pretty well all in.

I made arrangements for the funeral, and after the service in the church a meeting was held there with the trustees who were present, Mr. Thompson and Dr. Hung and Mrs. Taylor, as to whether or not the Fellowship should go on and, if so, what to do. They all decided it should go on. And I said, "I'm willing to do what I can." Then at 7:00 p.m. Mr. Evans's niece, Ruth, my sister, and I accompanied the body on the train to Utica, N.Y. for another service the following day in Clinton, N.Y. where later on burial took place. And then we came back to New

York. And it was pretty hard. I wasn't getting any salary. I wanted to do what I could, but I didn't believe I could handle it.

The Lord was with me. I completely surrendered myself to Him. I said, "I'm willing. Here I am." Since I had to have a salary, and my family didn't want me to go on with the work, which they thought was too hard, I prayed and prayed about it. Then the letters started pouring in, wanting the Fellowship to continue, and on top of all them there was a check from Mrs. Davison, a thousand dollars for the Fellowship and five hundred for me personally as an encouragement for me to continue. And there was another check from Mrs. Lilly. And others—many others. So there was an indication that I should continue the work. Another indication was that, around this time an aunt of mine died and left me a small legacy, which would permit me to continue. Otherwise, what could I have done? After we had cleaned out Mr. Evans's house, Mr. Maddock—who was on the board—said, "You're not going to try to continue, are you, Miss Brown?"

"Yes," I said, "after prayerful consideration I am going to continue."

"Well," he said, "do take care of yourself."

Then in August of that same year my father was taken very ill. He was a strong man who had never been really ill in his life. One morning he couldn't get out of bed. He was paralyzed. So Mother called the doctor and they took him to the hospital and found a tumor on the spine. They gave him a fifty-fifty chance. "He is suffering now," I said, "and it will get worse. So why not operate?" So they operated and he came through just fine. I went to see him every day even though I was keeping the office going. He wanted so much to go home. We were almost beside ourselves. He wanted to go home and sit under the maple tree. We wanted to please him. But the doctors said it wasn't possible. We tried to explain to him that he would have to wait until he got stronger. Then, late Sunday afternoon after the family had left, I saw that Papa wasn't good at all. I felt he wouldn't live through the night. Norma sat out in the waiting room. Norma couldn't take it. I could. We had nurses around the clock. Papa became cold, naturally—because his circulation was poor. I asked the nurse to get another blanket. You'd think a special nurse would know better. Then I stood by his bed practically two hours straight. The nurse wanted to relieve him when he got congested, but he wouldn't open his mouth. I said, "Papa, please open your mouth, the nurse wants to help you and you'll feel better afterwards." So he did. Then, later on,

he said something to me and I asked him a second time, but I still couldn't make it out. I said, "Everything is all right. You'll be all right." So he held my hand and he would squeeze it once in a while. At half-past five in the morning Norma came in. She asked if Papa was worse. Well, he was about the same. She wondered if she should go on to school (Note: Miss Norma Brown was a schoolteacher.) I didn't think so. I hated to see her go. Then, at six o'clock, while I had ahold of him, Papa passed away. I said to the nurse, "I'm afraid he's gone." Sometime I wondered if we did right. We did all we could.

FIP: 1956 was a trying year for you.

Miss Brown: Yes, it was. All the time I had to keep the Fellowship going. I agreed to be acting Executive Secretary for one year until the board could find someone else to carry on. A few men were interested in the job, including two ministers. But Mr. Evans had always said, "Never get a minister to lead the Fellowship. At some time, in some way they are apt to become biased."

The board finally said, "We think Kathryn Brown's the one to carry on." I didn't think I was sufficiently qualified. I tried to talk my way out of it. I did not want the responsibility. Anything I touch I want to make a go of, I don't want it to be a failure. But they talked me into it and that's the way it went.

That year was a hard year. Anything that was hard or difficult that came up, I would say to myself, "Now, how would Mr. Evans handle it? and I would pray about it and think about it and then I would go about it in his way.

Gradually I gained friends for the Fellowship—the ministers—the churches. We would go to the various churches on Sunday. I've been to at least twenty-five churches in New York City. Reverend Pierce, of Marble Collegiate Church—Dr. Peale's church on Fifth Avenue, of which I am a member—helped me a lot. He thought I was a wonderful person to undertake what I was doing. I had a few setbacks and was confined to the hospital for a few days. I used to ask Mr. Evans why we had these setbacks. And he would say, "You are being tested for higher things, Miss Brown." Verall Wright, who was a trustee at the time, used to say, "Miss Brown is taken away to make us see what she is doing. Perhaps we do not appreciate the amount of work she was really doing." That was her explanation.

FIP: You were the first editor of the bi-monthly publication, weren't you Miss Brown?

Miss Brown: Yes, I did the editing with the help of Mrs. Alice Teel. She read it over for me. I would be so nervous about it—I was so afraid of errors. Miss Bertha Smith was the first editor we hired to do the bi-monthly. The second was Paul Hourihan, who walked in one day and, as he always said, it must have been that we had met in a previous life. He was a good editor, a good writer. He had good ideas. Then Neil Melblom came and then, when he decided to go to work for the Lutherans in Geneva, Switzerland, Paul Griffith came. That was in 1966.

FIP: Your ability to understand people seems to be one of the main things that kept the Fellowship going.

Miss Brown: Don't forget I have deep faith. If I believe in something, I will work toward the ultimate progress. I do not like to have anything to do with anything that is going to fail.

FIP: As I recall your saying, there were some volunteers who helped you in those days.

Miss Brown: Yes, there was Miss Flora Horton, who worked in the office four days a week for five years until her death, and Agnes Riddell, who came for two to do the filing and all the cross-reference work. I also had a couple of assistants who typed the letters I dictated.

Much of the hard letter-writing I did I would do in my apartment in the beginning. It's so important how the recipient of a letter is going to feel. I still do a lot of it. Some of the people I write to I have been writing to for years—Velta Myrle Allen, Mildred Seydell, Emily Councilman, Dr. Hung, Lady Coote, Reuben Musey, and others, and the trustees, of course. The Fellowship was like one big family. If one of our members passed on, we would immediately write a letter. Or if they passed on in New York, we'd be right there and go to the funeral and offer help in whatever way we could. That's what the Fellowship is all about—helping others. You have no idea of the amount of work involved in the early days.

FIP: How would you sum up the years you spent with Fellowship?

Miss Brown: A very satisfying and worthwhile life. With many sacrifices, of course. Many sacrifices. Mr. Evans said if the Fellowship could save one person, it would be worthwhile.

During my time and Mr. Evans's, we opened each morning with

prayer. Not once was the office begun without a devotional period in the morning. We had a number of prayer circles in California and the Midwest and, later, in the South. It always bothered me that I couldn't do more along the prayer aspect of the work. My time was so taken up with keeping everything else going. I bothered me no end.

You ask me now, and the fact is I don't know how it was all done. All I know is that the Lord gave me the strength and the know-how to go forward.

I regard myself as a living example of prayer. I've always said that. Why? Because, number one, the Fellowship is still here after many adversities, after all those years. And, number two, that I was brought through my open-heart surgery, which was touch and go. During a consultation of physicians, including the head consultant of the hospital, the surgeon picked up a copy of our bimonthly publication I had been reading and said: "This is the kind of work Miss Brown does and we want to make it possible for her to carry on many more years." I didn't have one feeling that I wouldn't be brought through. Never. I could tell you many experiences in my life with the Fellowship where I always had exactly the same feeling.

The Life of Carl Allison Evans

Carl Allison Evans, born on June 5, 1880, in Kirkland, New York, was the youngest child of Almiron and Luella Lounsbury Evans. When he was three years old the family moved to Utica where his father was employed as a steam engineer.

The father was brought up as a Baptist, but after moving to Utica, the family went to a Prebyterian church near their home. In this church, as the boy grew up, he taught in its Bible School, was president of its Christian Endeavor for a number of years, and, at the age of twenty-seven, was made a Ruling Elder of the church. Subsequently, he became Chairman of the Foreign Missions Committee of Utica Presbytery, the first layman ever to have held such a position.

With this background, it is no wonder that the boy and later the man never failed to manifest in his religious life both a depth of faith and a breadth of catholicity. When he was thirteen, he found that some of his relatives did not like Presbyterians and some did not like Methodists. "I was downcast for I loved them all" he said.

Mr. Evans studies music at the Chicago University Extension Conservatory where he acquired a thorough knowledge of all band and orchestra instruments. He could play them all, but with special skill on the comet and the cello.

That his academic education was not advanced may be explained by his necessity to go to work at the age of fourteen. He entered the Utica Daily Press as a newsboy, with the prospect of moving up through the various steps in the production of a daily newspaper and saving his funds to further his education.

On September 7, 1940, Carl Evans married Emma Jane Cochrane (1874-1954) a kindergarten teacher in Utica. Many years later he wrote of their marriage as "The real romance of my life . . . She has proven an exceedingly loving, loyal, and devoted companion. Possessing similar tastes, ideals, and purposes, we have been extraordinarily happy working out life's problems together."

Though busily involved in business, Mr. Evans never slackened his

This biography of Carl Evans appeared in volume VII, no. 5, of FiP *in 1956, the year in which Mr. Evans passed away.*

religious activities, mostly those of the Inter-Church Movement and foreign missions. Of the first, he was elected Chairman of the Organizational Committee. As for the latter, his "downtown office in Utica became a center for mission board secretaries, missionaries on furlough, and speakers."

Carl and Emma Evans were chosen as delegates to the Tenth Anniversary of the Missionary Education Movement at Silver Bay. That they too became missionaries was inevitable. Mr. Evans related how he himself came to the decision: "Mrs. Evans, as President of the Missionary Society of the church, Presbyterial Secretary for Young People's Societies, and Synodical Secretary for Young People, had, in January, 1922, invited a young woman, one of the mission board secretaries, to speak in many churches. On a cold Sunday night, she spoke from the pulpit and called for young missionary volunteers. After the meeting, while I was walking alone ahead of the crowd to the trolley station, through bitter cold and crunching snow, a voice seemed to be saying to me, 'What would you do if the Call came to you?' Somehow I could never get away from that question. It would pop up at the most inopportune moments with no end of annoyance. This went on for many months until one morning while spending my usual hour on my knees, I prayed more fervently and said at last, 'I'll go wherever you want to send me, Dear Lord.'

"One day, I was called out of my office, where I had been sorting out a mass of pending claims, placing the oldest ones on top of a stack on my desk, awaiting after lunch dictation. When I returned thirty minutes later, there was a pamphlet entitled 'What Shall I Do With My Life?' on top of the pile. I had not known of the existence of this booklet and was surprised to find in it, among the listed needs in the foreign field, the mention of mission treasurers and business executives. The one girl in my office assured me that she had not left the office during my absence and that no one had put the pamphlet on my desk. I asked of several other employees of the firm whether some caller had entered my office. They answered unanimously in the negative. That mystery has never been solved."

When Mr. Evans inquired about such openings on the foreign field, the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church considered the position of the treasurer at Sillman University, Dumaguete, Philippines, would be most suitable for him.

On the S. S. President Cleveland, Mr. and Mrs. Evans left San Francisco on May 3, 1923, arriving in Dumaguete six days later.

Carl Allison Evans

During their five-year residence in the Philippines, Mr. Evans was the Treasurer of the University of one thousand students, Chairman of the Finance Committee of the Faculty, served on several committees, was manager of the supply shop and the printing press, a Ruling Elder in the student church, teacher in the Bible School, leader of the Orchestra, and director of the church choir,—directing the music of the daily chapel service and organizing a brass band each year. He served as the Chairman of the Auditing Committee of the Mission, necessitating his regular attendance at Mission meetings and his annual trip to Manila.

Mrs. Evans organized a school for missionary children, was pianist at church meetings, taught Sunday School and served as the Chairman of the University's Dramatic Committee, producing one Shakespearian play each year.

After having served five years, the Evanses resigned from the University on June 30, 1928—to return to the United States via Europe.

Back in the States, after a short period of rest and readjustment, Mr. Evans gave a series of lectures on the Philippines in his church in Utica, and, in February, 1929, he was ready for new employment. He was offered several attractive opportunities, but he felt that "somewhere in the offing, God was calling." God was. Following a weekend of indecision and prayer, Monday's mail brought an offer from China Union Universities' office, 150 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.—affectionately called "one fifty." On March 1, Mr. Evans began his service of twenty years and four months in the office known later as the United Board for Christian Colleges in China.

In the meantime, Mr. Evans purchased a small house at 121 Brown Road, Scarsdale, N.Y. Here he and Mrs. Evans made their home and entered into the community life. They became members of Hitchcock Memorial Church, and soon Mrs. Evans was a leader in numerous activities of the church, of Scarsdale, and of Westchester County.

Then came the hectic times of the Second World-War and the confusion of its aftermath. With it all came the sad prospect of a China slipping fast under Communist control. Mr. Evans early foresaw that there could be no possibility of freedom in religion under a Communist regime and that the Christian colleges in China would be seized and shackled in atheism and materialism. He retired from the Board on July 1, 1949, although retaining the title of Counselor.

Even before he left the United Board for Christian Colleges in China, the idea of Fellowship in Prayer had begun to take shape in Mr. Evans' mind. Writing to a friend on June 21, 1949, quoting his conversation with a Catholic Archbishop, internationally famous both as a Christian and as a statesman, he said: "I asked the Archbishop what the answer was to the awful mess in which we found [the world]. Quick as a flash came his reply: 'Prayer. If all who believe in God—Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Muslims, etc.,—prayed with sincerity for the coming of peace, God would have to do something about it.' " Concluding his letter, he said, "I am now at a loss to evaluate the future as to the closer affiliation of religious believers. Had I sufficient means myself, I would inaugurate a prayer circle without a top-heavy organization, but with a deep spiritual note calling upon all faiths to consecrate themselves to a universal religious understanding."

After leaving the United Board, Mr. Evans spent the summer months in calling on and conferring with leaders of religious bodies, trying to find a group which might effectively sponsor a world-wide call to prayer. Alas! the findings were not encouraging. "One might judge that fully fifty per cent of those connected with religious organizations know next to nothing about prayer or its effectiveness . . . There is a large group of individuals and organizations who are thinking in terms of prayer for various objectives, but nothing whatever for a deep spiritual awakening in the hearts of the mass of church followers or unchurched people."

On October 3, 1949, there appeared in THE NEW YORK TIMES a five-column advertisement, "God and the Atom," by a retired financier, Ferris Booth, challenging the President of the United States to use the resources of Almighty God in the solution of international complications.

Mr. Evans was deeply moved. Moreover, he found that some of his Chinese friends were especially cognizant of Mr. Booth's penetrating diagnosis of the then overwhelming Communism in China. They asked themselves why it was that in China twenty-four centuries of Confucianism and Taoism, twenty centuries of Buddhism, twelve centuries of Mohammedanism, three and a half centuries of Catholicism, and one and a half century of Protestantism had not been able to withstand thirty years of Communism. The obvious answer was that there religious forces had already been seriously weakened by the hypocrisy and bigotry of their own adherents.

Mr. Evans felt, however, that Mr. Booth's excellent arguments should have been addressed not merely to President Harry S. Truman but to every religious believer throughout the United States and the whole world, and that the urgently needed spiritual renaissance could be induced better by incessant widespread educative challenges than by executive, legislative, or judiciary orders. The first call had best be the call to pray. Religions may differ in theology, organization, and polity, but,

> I asked the Archbishop what the answer was to the awful mess in which we found [the world]. Quick as a flash came his reply. Prayer. If all who believe in God—Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Mohammedans, etc.,—prayed with sincerity for the coming of peace, God would have to do something about it.

despite these differences they lay almost equal stress on the importance of prayer, and prayer means almost the same thing to them all—the assurance that the believer's humility and supplication will be met with God's love and guidance. We may pray in different places and in different languages; we can rest assured that, since the ultimate source of love and guidance is one and no other, we will not be led into hatred and conflicting errors. Prayer, more prayer, and ceaseless prayer must begin the way to unite this awfully divided world!

Thus, Mr. Evans came to the decision that he should initiate the Fellowship in Prayer with the motto "For a World United in Prayer." Yet, before he took the first step, he was not without hesitations. In the afternoon of Sunday, October 30, 1949, he was reclining alone in the living room of his home, resting, praying, meditating, and debating with himself. Even a small office with a modest program of publications would cost money. He was willing to work without pay and willing to impose austere economy on his household maintenance so that he might contribute a part of his meager savings to the program. Could he depend on contributions from friends old and new? In August Mrs. Evans had a surgical operation and the recovery had been slow. If her illness should continue, could he afford to give time and money to the Fellowship? Kathryn G. Brown, who had been for nearly fourteen years his secretary and colleague at the United Board and had also left it, preferring to work with him on any program of spiritual significance, had received an attractive offer of employment, to which she must soon give an answer. Should he allow her to work with him on a meager salary? Would it be fair to her if his project should shortly fold up owing to lack of funds?

While he was silently arguing pro and con, he felt suddenly a sharp pain in his side. He thought it might be an attack of lumbago and wanted to summon his physician. Painfully getting up and trying to reach his telephone, he said to himself, "This may mean the Lord wants me to drop what I have been planning." All of a sudden, the excruciating pain was gone. He straightened up, walked steadily the rest of the way, and, taking up the phone, called not his doctor but Kathryn Brown, informing her that work would commence the following day. The following day they met in the lobby of Hotel Seville (22 East 29th Street, New York, N.Y.) to write letters. They also rented Office H in the hotel as of the day following, November first. At this stage "H" stood for Hope.

On page Twelve of THE NEW YORK TIMES, December 23, 1949, appeared Mr. Evans' challenge:

PRAYER
An Answer to
"GOD and the ATOM"

The Ferris Booth advertisement in *THE NEW YORK TIMES* on October 3 calling upon President Truman to start a "spiritual renaissance" is commendable and sound thinking, generally. However, the final responsibility falls upon each individual who believes in God, regardless of his religious affiliation. The President has called upon all people to take a greater interest in the religious life of each community. Can we expect more?

PRAYER IS THE ANSWER

The real strength and power of religion can only be exerted through invoking the presence of God in our lives and praying earnestly for the realization of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man toward the consummation of a better understanding of international and human relations. A believer in any faith can do this, as prayer is the means of communication with God in all of the great religions of the world. Prayer for good by believers in God can overcome the oppressors and put to flight the foes of righteousness.

IT IS ATTAINABLE

As individuals, we conduct business together, we mingle in social life, in sports; there are no barriers. Surely we are not so blessed that we fail to see the common attributes in other religions. *TRUTH*, *HONESTY*, *JUSTICE*, *MERCY* are basic elements in every great faith. In seeking God, let us omit the controversial issues. *IF WE WILL TO DO IT—IT CAN BE DONE.*

HOW?

Begin now to pray in your own manner for the things set forth above. Do it frequently or at stated times. Talk it over with your family, your neighbors, your friends, your spiritual adviser. If possible, get your local newspaper to copy this article or comment upon it. Fellowship Circles could be formed. Do not, however, let it interfere with your regular religious duties—rather combine it with them. Our united prayers can glorify and sanctify this Holiday Season.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Those who sponsor this advertisement (known for the present as "Fellowship in Prayer") devoutly seek a broad fellowship of believers. If you desire to write or assist in any way, we will treat your communication in confidence and with gratitude to God for your interest.

In the hope of a spiritual renaissance,
FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

It was thought that the publication of this article might start a sort of prayer-chain-reaction among the metropolitan dailies throughout the country. Though this wish was not fulfilled, some newspaper comments were quite appreciative; Mary Hornaday's "Seeking Security in Prayer," in the *CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR* of December 17, 1949 (also introduced into the *CONGRESSIONAL RECORD*, March 14, 1950, Volume 96, No. 52 [pp. A1992/A1993]), was especially to the point. Congratulatory messages, which poured into Office H, were enthusiastically encouraging. A prominent university woman wrote to say that Mary Hornaday's was one of the articles that "changed the course of my life."

With such encouragements, Mr. Evans undertook to have the Fellowship incorporated, which was duly effected on June 5, 1950. Soon, he made application to the United States Treasury Department and acquired for the Corporation the right to accept income-tax-deductible contributions. As contributions came in, he proceeded to rent or purchase the necessary office equipment, and the publication *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER* gradually improved in typography and artistic appearance—the first few numbers were typewritten, then mimeographed, then in the form of varitype-offset booklets.

The last six years of Carl A. Evans' life might be said to be represented by the six volumes of *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER*. These volumes of *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER* are, of course, on the sunny side of Mr. Evans' enterprise. Unfortunately, there were shadows on the other side. In order to continue the publication, Mr. Evans had to undergo considerable physical and mental hardship. Physically, it was almost back-breaking toil. He worked not only in the office, but also carried papers home to work at night. Not only was the task of editing heavy, but the amount of correspondence involved was also stupendous. He would never let up. In the autumn of 1953, he suffered an illness that required eleven weeks of hospitalization and convalescence. A friend calling on him in the hospital found him at work in bed. To the advice that he should forget work for a while, his answer was: "Think of the joy and hope these dear writers are giving me and the readers of our publication; how can I fail to do my utmost!" Toil, of course, had telling effects on health.

Mental anguish, thank God, was only intermittant. It had to do mainly with money or rather the lack of it. Long trained in financial handling,

he had the skill of making one penny work for the value of several. But there were anxious days or weeks before some sizable checks came in to effect a favorable balance. Such periods were more frequent before April 22, 1952, when an elderly Christian lady sent a check for five hundred dollars.

By the spring of 1955, however, Mr. Evans had growing concern over unpaid and pending bills. Constant prayer was answered by two thousand dollars from a person whom he had never met, and who, seven months later, when Mr. Evans once more felt depressed about the Fellowship's financial situation, sent three thousand dollars more, together with such encouraging words:

"The purpose of your organization during the past six years has seemed almost like a miracle, and I would not want to see it fail in its dedicated purpose. This seems to me our greatest hope for the future, and the only way possible to achieve friendship throughout the world."

Reporting this to one of his friends on the Board, Mr. Evans wrote: "God spoke . . . I feel so humble that I can hardly rise above 'I thank Thee, dear Lord, I thank Thee.' "

It was not only physical and mental strain that undermined his health. After prolonged invalidism, his beloved Emma died on December 17,

1954. Grief and loneliness contributed to make him appear increasingly thin and worn during 1955. Some of his friends knew that his long and useful life was drawing to a close. Tuesday, January 3, 1956, after a day of strenuous work in Office H, he planned to stay over night in the hotel, as was his custom of late, whenever he had too much to carry home to Scarsdale. He did not want to go out to dinner. As he and Kathryn Brown were finishing a little supper, suddenly his head dropped; she caught him in her arms and reached for the telephone. He needed no help; he was gone—and "with his boots on" which he considered a blessed way to die. Beautiful services in Scarsdale and Clinton, New York, were similar to those he had arranged for Mrs. Evans only a year before. Messages of condolence poured into Office H and were almost unanimous in urging that Fellowship in Prayer should continue to go on.

At a conservative estimate the words of *FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER* had reached 1,500,000 people; in six years' time the small office had radiated enough of a spiritual challenge to be considered "a big stick in the religious world." He gave to it the vision of "a world united in prayer." He gave to it the example of his own prayerful life. Whenever things were going well he would share with his friends the ecstasy of thankfulness for God's mercy and grace. Whenever he found discouragement strewn in the path, he would say: "We have not been praying in the right way. We need further training in the School of Prayer.

Prayer for the Fellowship

Heavenly Father, as we end the . . . anniversary year for Fellowship in Prayer, we ask your guidance in the year ahead for visions and ideals—a new beginning in a new year for "A World United in Prayer." The past is in your keeping—the future your mercy awaits.

Dennis Barry Carroll

The Buddhist Great Vows For All

However innumerable all beings are,
we vow to enlighten them.
However inexhaustible delusions are,
we vow to extinguish them.
However innumerable the dharma teachings are,
we vow to master them.
However incomparable the Buddha-Truth is,
we vow to attain it.

Today

Look to this day!
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the varieties and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth; the glory of action; the splendor of beauty.
For yesterday is already a dream, and tomorrow is only a vision,
but today well lived, makes of every yesterday
A dream of happiness, and every tomorrow a vision of hope.

Sanskrit Prayer

Please send your favorite prayer or one you have written to The Editor, F.i.P., 291 Witherspoon Street, Princeton, NJ 08542.

Memories of Mrs. Lilly

KATHRYN G. BROWN

Ruth Allison Lilly

Mrs. Lilly—wife of the president of the enormous pharmaceutical company that bears the family name—became interested in Fellowship in Prayer during its early days (it was founded in 1949). I believe the first time she wrote to me was in 1954, when she ordered a large quantity of the Christmas cards that the Fellowship put out that year for sale to members.

In 1956, when Carl Evans, the founder, died of a heart-attack at the end of a full day's work in the office, it seemed impossible to continue Fellowship in Prayer without his know-how and dedicated leadership. Letters poured in from friends near and far, however, to the effect that the good work of the Fellowship ought to be continued. Among these was a letter from Mrs. Lilly, which, containing a fairly substantial check, said, "The progress of your organization during the past six years has seemed like a miracle, and I would not want to see it fail. This seems to me our greatest hope for the future and the only possible way to achieve friendship throughout the world."

Eight years later, in November of 1964, Dr. William Hung, president of Fellowship in Prayer, and I went on a ten-day trip to California. We felt we were under God's guidance at all times: everything dovetailed, there was not a hitch anywhere, and even the weather cooperated. In California one of our advisers, who was an artist, presented us with a handsome portrait of Mr. Evans which she must have spent months creating. We were so happy to have it that Dr. Hung carried the picture himself on our flights across the continent.

We had been invited by Mrs. Lilly to stop over in Indianapolis. By this time she had bailed us out of so many financial anxieties and written us so many letters full of encouragement and inspiration that she and the Fellowship were old friends. She was to meet us at the gate in the airport, and I began to wonder how on earth she was going to recognize us as we came off the plane. "Don't worry about that, Miss Brown," Dr. Hung said. "There won't be many ladies getting off with a Chinese professor." There was no problem about it, of course, and we were chauffeured with Mrs. Lilly out to the Lilly home in the residential section of Indianapolis.

That night Mr. and Mrs. Lilly entertained us at a dinner-party. Next morning, as we were ready to leave, I walked into the living-room to find Dr. Hung and Mr. Lilly, one of the world's foremost industrialists, both down on their knees, rewrapping Mr. Evans's portrait. (Such a scene of humility and tenderness is simply unforgettable.)

In 1969, after conferring with Mrs. Lilly, Fellowship in Prayer approached Lilly Endowment, Inc., for a grant to expand its activities. The foundation responded generously with a grant. A second one was made in 1972.

That year, while I was recovering from open-heart surgery, Mrs. Lilly wrote, "I have often thought of you and am happy to know you are on the road to recovery. . . . One of the duties I have had since returning home was to go over my gifts and arrange to dispose of some of my surplus income before the end of the year. So I will shortly send to Fellowship in Prayer a large contribution which I hope will help with the rent of your new office and be of assistance to you."

The essence of Mrs. Lilly was love and concern for others. Typical of her magnanimity of spirit, a check arrived a few days later. With the check came a comment from Mrs. Lilly:

> "The progress of your organization during the past six years has seemed like a miracle, and I would not want to see it fail. This seems to me our greatest hope for the future and the only possible way to achieve friendship throughout the world."

"We have so much to be thankful for, but feel so inadequate in expressing it. One apparent blessing—that of riches—is in reality a responsibility of what we consider it (as we should) a stewardship, and try to be 'a good and faithful servant.' So the enclosed is my attempt to do that."

Following a brief illness, Mrs. Lilly passed away on March 14, 1973. Mr. Lilly joined her on January 23, 1977.

There were five non-profit organizations that were of special interest to Mrs. Lilly which during her lifetime she encouraged and helped. In memory of her—"a remarkable woman of God-given talents for clear analysis, penetrative insights, and wise judgement"—Mr. Lilly left a bequest to each of the five organizations. Fellowship in Prayer was one of them. It was, once again, a gift just in the 'nick of time' from this earthly angel.

What is Meditation & Why Meditate?

PAUL WALSH

Today, increasing numbers of Americans are turning to meditation. Some have very practical reasons: to reduce the effects of stress and anxiety, to learn how to relax, to become more centered, to improve their physical well-being or their psychological and emotional stability. These are all sound reasons, and many meditators achieve the results they are looking for.

Others, suffering from feelings of emptiness and lack of meaning in their lives, hope to come to know God through meditation—through direct experience to reach a state of conscious union with the ultimate reality and divine dimension of the universe.

Not infrequently, the person who starts meditating for purely practical reasons becomes, as a result of his or her practice, increasingly sensitive to spiritual values, increasingly aware of unity with all of nature as well as with all of humanity. A transformation of consciousness is experienced that radically alters his worldly and material values, and his relationship with himself, with others, and with the universe.

How to Meditate

Meditation techniques vary from the highly complex and esoteric visualizations and techniques of some Buddhist and Yoga schools to Transcendental Meditation's simple technique of sitting quietly in a chair for twenty minutes and reciting a mantra. Dervishes (Sufis) spin in a circle and chant. Yogis may stare fixedly at a candle flame. Tibetan Buddhists visualize mandalas (a circular form, or diagram, employed for the focusing of cosmic and psychic energies). Zen students count their breaths or concentrate on a koan. Christians may focus their attention on a crucifix, or repeatively recite, "Jesus have mercy on me."

All these techniques have in common the objective of tuning out not

President and Executive Secretary of FiP, Paul Walsh came to the Fellowship from a career in advertising and fund raising. Educated at Princeton University, where he currently leads the zazen group, he is a writer, an editor, and a Buddhist with an active meditation practice. Mr. Walsh makes his home in Princeton with his wife Anne, a Jungian analyst, and their daughter, Brooks, whose photographs have appeared in FiP.

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The suggested donation for a year of *Fellowship in Prayer* is $10.00. Many readers, however, send twice or three times that amount as a way of becoming a "Spiritual Friend" to those unable to contribute (especially men and women in hospitals, nursing and old age homes, and religious institutions).

In addition to sending in your own contribution and request to receive *FIP*, won't you become a "Spiritual Friend" to someone in need? You will earn their lasting gratitude—and ours.

☐ I enclose $10.00. Please send *FIP* to me:

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(street) _____

(city, state, zip) _____

☐ I enclose $_____. Please send *FIP* to someone in need.

☐ I enclose an additional $_____ to help you promote the practice of prayer and meditation.

If you need more space, please write on the back of this sheet.

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Why do men and women in 59 countries read *Fellowship in Prayer*? Our readers tell us:

"This is a highly inspired, ethical publication. Love streams out of it!" "Part of my devotional reading every day." "I find your articles about different beliefs very interesting and informative. They make for better understanding among all persons." "It strengthens my faith in prayer." "The idea of interreligious understanding and cooperation is very dear to me. This is the way to peace." "I love it! It is well written by beautiful, loving people! It is delightful, inspirational, and uplifting. Thank you!"

If you, too, find *Fellowship in Prayer* "a joy and inspiration" to read, won't you take a moment to read and fill in the other side of this page?

Paul Walsh
President
Fellowship in Prayer

only the distracting sights and sounds of the external world, but all mental activity as well. They are designed to center the meditator and ready him or her for the descent into the deeper, non-verbal, non-rational, imageless layers of consciousness where true meditation takes place.

The description of how to sit in meditation, given by the Japanese Master Dogen in 1227, is still the basic model used by most meditators today: "For zazen, a quiet room is suitable. Eat and drink moderately. Cast aside all involvements and cease all affairs. Do not think good or bad. Do not administer pros and cons. Cease all movements of the conscious mind, the gauging of all thoughts and views. Have no desires on becoming a Buddha.

"At the site of your regular sitting, spread out thick matting and place a cushion above it. Sit either in the full-lotus or half-lotus position. Then place your right hand on your left leg and your left palm (facing upwards) on your right palm, thumb-tips touching. Thus sit upright in correct bodily posture, neither inclining to the left nor to the right, neither leaning forward or backward. Be sure your eyes are on a plane with your shoulders and your nose in line with your navel. Place your tongue against the front roof of your mouth, with teeth and lips both shut. Your eyes should always remain open, and you should breathe gently through your nose.

"The science of the Sufis," wrote the Persian Sufi al-Gazali, "aims at detaching the heart from all that is not Allah, and at giving to it as its sole occupation the meditation of the Divine Being."

"Once you have adjusted your posture, take a deep breath, inhale and exhale, rock your body right and left, and settle into a steady immobile sitting position."

What one does for the next half hour or so depends on one's practice. Basically, you attempt to sit silently and motionlessly while concentrating your full attention on whatever focus of awareness (your breathing, your mantra, your prayer) you have chosen. When passing thoughts or images capture your attention, you gently but firmly return your attention to the object of meditation. (Advanced students may be able to dispense with such aids to concentration and simply sit—at one with existence itself).

In Zen meditation, each session of sitting lasts from thirty-five to forty-five minutes, alternating with ten minute periods of *kinhin* (walking meditation). There may be two or more, usually three, such sessions of sitting, in an evening. Beginners are told to count their exhalations, from one to ten, then repeat the count, for the duration of the session. When they lose track of the count because their mind wanders, they go back to one. They progress to simply concentrating on their breathing, and, when ready, are assigned a koan—such as "What is the sound of one hand clapping?"—to concentrate on.

In Yoga, some of the better-known forms of meditation include sitting in one of the lotus positions and repeating a mantra (a sacred sound of phrase such as the Tibetan *Om Mani Padme Hum*) or directing a steady gaze on an external object such as a candle flame, or visualizing a mandala.

Many Sufis use music and dancing to help induce ecstatic states and accelerate the contact of the Sufi's mind with the World Mind, of which he feels himself a part. Others use no extraneous aids to meditation and the experience of mystical transport aside from prayer and breathing techniques. "The science of the Sufis," wrote the Persian Sufi al-Gazali, "aims at detaching the heart from all that is not Allah, and at giving to it as its sole occupation the meditation of the Divine Being."

Meditation and Prayer in the West

In Western countries, particularly in monasteries, meditation as a religious or spiritual practice has been in use for centuries, especially silent, contemplative prayer. Such prayer, as distinguished from the more familiar goal-directed prayer in which we call on God for help or consolation, or offer praise or thanks, is indeed a true form of meditation. The well-known Eastern Orthodox "Prayer of the Heart" (also called "the Jesus Prayer")—the simple repetition of each exhalation of breath, "Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on me"—is used to help shut out all external stimuli, empty the mind of all activity, and bring the meditator into union with God. The similarity of this practice to forms of Buddhist or Yogic meditation is clear. Prayer thus used as a way to help head one to the depth of one's being, where one may encounter God, or one's True Self, is not different from meditation as we have been defining it.

Cliff Moore

Paul Walsh

How to Begin

Obviously, there is no one "right" way to meditate. Each person must somehow find the method best suited to his or her background and way of being. But how to find out? Ideally, one would like to sit down with an experienced meditation teacher or teachers, try out different techniques, and, having chosen, receive instruction or guidance on a regular basis. A handful of major cities offers such a possibility, but only a fortunate few get the opportunity to study under an authentic meditation master.

There is, however, a Zen saying: "When the student is ready, the teacher appears." Until that happens, it would be helpful to read as much as you can about the tradition of your choice and practice on your own. Write to us if you would like a suggested reading list, and/or any suggestions we might be able to offer about meditation centers in your area.

What Do We Stand For?

JAMES T. C. LIU

What exactly does our Fellowship stand for anyway?

We are in some sense evangelical, evocative, and ecumenical. We are evangelical in the sense of trying to spread the good word. We are evocative in the sense of attempting to communicate what we believe without limiting ourselves to any particular doctrine. We are ecumenical in the sense that not only are our own members to be found in all forms of Christianity, but also in the Jewish, Islamic, Hindu, Buddhist, and other faiths. We are in this sense similar in some ways to the Unitarians, though not quite like the Society for Ethical Culture. These characteristics do not add up to an identity that is uniquely our own.

We are neither a religion nor a church, nor a denomination. Our founders did not organize the Fellowship, nor did our benefactors intend it just to minister to the spiritual needs of our membership. They did not intend us to simply find ways whenever we could, to help the unchurched, or to give a few charitable grants, or to publish a periodical for our members to read and pass around. They wanted more for the Fellowship than that. All these things are done by many, many other worthy groups.

Our Fellowship does have its own unique identity. Our identity is the word prayer. It is up to us to say that, and to spell it out loud and clear.

What do we have that the multitude of religious organizations in this nation doesn't? Something indeed that the various religions of the world do not quite do?

It may be that *the study*, *the practice*, *and above all the sharing of the prayer experience* among all men and women is to be our particular contribution to this precarious world at this very critical time. We want to know the infinite variety of linkages through prayer between human beings and God. We want to find out: Why is it so? How is it so? What are the experiences of others in prayer from the greatest authorities, to the

James T. C. Liu, Professor Emeritus and former Chair of the East Asian Studies Department of Princeton University, is a member of the Board of Trustees of FiP. His review of A Latter-day Confucian: Reminiscences of William Hung, *by Susan Chen Egan, appears on page 54 of this issue.*

most humble seekers? Why is prayer sometimes ineffectual? What are some of the limitless forms of alternate practice?

Even if we put all our members together, we can never presume to know or provide final answers. *But the Fellowship can be a catalyst, a clearing house, a communion center.* We will gather as much information about the praying experience as we can. Through our publications, we can share the experience with many people, and their numbers can grow. Through our publication and our social contacts, we can urge everyone interested to do the same among all religious groups of any description, among all denominations and churches, and among all men and women of good faith.

Tom Dunham

REUBEN L. MUSEY

Everyday Faith

Reuben L. Musey

If you came home tonight with defeat in you heart, you probably went to work with the same spirit in the morning.

Nearly two thousand years ago, Saint Paul stood on Mars Hill and told the Athenians that his "God that made the world and all things therein . . . dwelleth not in temples made with hands . . . In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

This is an excellent way of telling us that the solution of all our troubles will be found in the Word of God, which is the same yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

Isaiah wrote: "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever."

Faith, Paul reminds us, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

The faith of our fathers is ageless. If we will but investigate the promises in the Bible, life will take on new meaning. Never again will our spirits be depressed. In the worst situation you have to face during the next twenty-four hours, say to yourself: "My Lord is walking with me through this dark hour. He will not let me fail beyond all hope of rescue if I put my trust in Him."

Try repeating these words again and again—if necessary ten times in the morning and ten times in the evening. Augment their potency with prayer.

A past President of the Board of FiP, Reuben Musey is currently First Vice President. He is employed by Hagerstown Junior College and makes his home in Hagerstown, MD, where he writes and lectures on spiritual topics.

How Jesus Prayed

No one else has inspired so many people with the simple grandeur of His prayers than Jesus Christ. No one has ever succeeded in bringing man so close to the majesty and holiness of God in prayer. And no one has shown so wonderfully the mercy and compassion of the Heavenly Father.

The spirit of intense communion with the Father which marked the prayer life of Jesus was reflected in His great concern and responsibility for His fellowmen. There is no doubt about the intensity of Jesus' communion with God; it was the heart of His life.

With regard to time and place, Jesus' principle of freedom in prayer is seen often in the Gospels. He prayed early in the morning, before dawn, in a lonely place . . . He prayed all night in the hills . . . He prayed in the evening in the garden . . . He prayed during the day in the mountains. He faced his last crisis in the act of prayer.

Jesus can be our guide in prayer. His way of prayer may help us find that freedom of spirit which will enable us to face the crises in our own lives; and His understanding of the nature of prayer may increase our awareness of its power.

Every man needs strength . . . Every man needs help . . . Every man needs guidance in his critical decisions. There is no better way to achieve them than in prayer. Let Jesus be our guide.

LILLIAN WADE KOERNER

Glad Tidings

Give thanks, all hearts, anew this day,
let voices be raised in anthems of praise:
Your Savior is born to set you free,
quicken your soul with His Reality.

Ye men, now cease your warring plans,
your minds receive His Peace He brings;
your Savior is born, through His Holy Life,
to transform by His Love your arrogant strife.

Lift up your heads, let your bright eyes dance,
clap your hands in fervent Allelulia;
your Savior is born, He comes your King,
with grace and power to embrace everything.

Be open ye ears, He speaks to you,
He offers fulfillment beyond fondest dreams;
your Savior is born, His pervading pure Love,
sent from the Heart of His Father above.

Come, join the glad tidings of the Angelic Host,
let wise men kneel humbly as shepherds adore;
your Savior is born, let all men proclaim,
"Glory to God in the Highest," as on the hour Jesus came.

A treasured friend of Fellowship in Prayer, poet Lilliam Koerner makes her home in Tennessee.

MARIAN JANE RICHARDSON

My Exodus

Youth no longer
dictates—
I live in the
finishing school
of my life
on this temporal planet.
I am glad I found
the secret road
leading to
Eternity
before I heard
the last carillon.
I would have missed
many pleasures
in preparing
for my final home—
pleasures previously
taken for granted:
the magic and glory
of spring—
a crocus pushing
through soggy foliage
and melting snow,
blossoming trees,
spreading their petals
to cheer the gloom
of an anguished land,
white-winged seagulls—
swift and silent,
following a puffing,
but charming, tugboat,
a rose bathing
in morning dew,
the sun playing
charades
with the wind
on green meadows
and mossy stones,
then mellowing into
golden autumn
with its fields
of pregnant pumpkins
hiding behind
beige cornstalks—
a crescent moon
and ancient stars
ushering in
winter's architecture,
dropping a mystic film,
and building monuments
in white
over a barren land.

I embrace all
this beauty,
then wrap my memories
around me, and looking beyond
this spinning earth—
breathless—I stare
down a forever-road,
through misty veils
over phantom hills.

The poems of Marian Richardson, a long-time and very close friend of Fellowship in Prayer, appeared in From These Years, Kicking the Dust, *and* Marionettes. *Deeply involved in our work, she introduced the fellowship to many friends.*

Psalm 56 And You

SAMUEL M. SILVER

IT IS hard to believe that we are in a generation that never heard of Mary Pickford. She was once a film star. When she grew older, she became famous again for a booklet she wrote called *Why Not Try God?* In it the star, so successful in her career, addressed herself to people less successful. The theme of her book was: "Failure is not falling down; it is staying down."

The heroine of the cinema was saying that everyone has lapses. Everyone misses once in a while. But just because we have sustained reverses does not mean that we have failed. A setback can be followed by a comeback if only we exert ourselves.

The same sentiment can be found in the Bible. For example, read Psalm 56. It is attributed to King David and was supposed to have been written when he was expelled from the country by King Saul and he ran away only to be captured by the Philistines, who hated him because of his victory over their giant, Goliath.

Caught between the frying pan and the fire, David is in real trouble. Yet Psalm 56 reads like a victory statement rather than a document of surrender. "My enemies seek to destroy me," he cries, "but I am not dismayed." Why? Because he trusts in God. Using the energy and ingenuity which the Almighty gave him, David escapes and later becomes king.

From David to Mary Pickford, from the time of the Psalms to that of the astronauts, the extra courage available to those bent on benevolent aims has often manifested itself. Oliver Goldsmith said it, too, when he declared that our greatest glory is not in never falling but in rising every time we fall.

What reverses have you sustained? Don't be discouraged—and don't become a prisoner of defeatism. Recoup your strength and start on a comeback. It will help to read Psalm 56, especially its finale: "Thou hast delivered my soul from death, yea my feet from falling that I may walk before God in the light of the living."

Rabbi Samuel Silver, a member of the Board of Trustees of FiP, serves the congregation of Temple Sinai in Delray Beach, FLA. In addition, he appears on radio and TV, lectures, and writes extensively. Among his books are How to Enjoy This Moment *and the forthcoming* Happiness Is.

Simple Prayer

HERRYMON MAURER

Nothing is as secret as private prayer, nothing more social.

At the age of five, I lived for a time with my grandmother and came to learn of her regular, but by no means rigid, practice of retiring to her room some time during the afternoon and sitting with her eyes closed in a rocking chair which she did not rock. She so sat for seldom less than half an hour, seldom more than an hour and a quarter. The door was left open and it was understood that she could be disturbed. From time to time she would utter the words, "Oh God."

The words were uttered. Although spoken quietly, they were not really spoken at all, but drawn forth in a tone that was youthful beyond joy and sorrowful beyond sorrow, a tone so unlike any pronouncements heard in formal religious services that the possibility of the words being prayer did not at first consciously occur to me. I was even somewhat perplexed, since I knew that my grandmother was not given to vain speech. It was not for some years that I came to understand that she was simply praying.

This understanding came not by sudden enlightenment but by a slow seeping of her life into my own. She lived not on her own terms but in terms of the people she loved, and her affection was omniverous, extending, as I quickly came to know, from myself to the woman catty-cornered across the street who took drugs and sometimes had to have food cooked and carried to her. So great was her regard for persons she loved that she loved without regard for persons. Hence she was the delight of children; she not only cherished them but also treated them as openly and honestly as she did adults. I came at length to learn, for I was not told and did not imagine asking, that what went on in the rocking chair was some sort of intensification of what went on in the rest of her life, and that this intensification was, in fact, prayer. What indeed is prayer but the simple holding up of our lives to the light of Truth?

Educated at Dartmouth College and the University of Pittsburgh, Herrymon Maurer is a former editor of Fortune, *an active Quaker and a former Trustee of FiP. Among his numerous books are* Great Soul: The Growth of Gandhi *and a translation of Lao Tzu,* The Way of the Ways: Tao. *This article is taken from a larger work,* Simple Prayer, *published by FiP in 1985.*

Paul M. Schrock

Nowadays, I try to pray as my grandmother prayed—secretly and quietly—and I know that it is she I imitate, not because we talked about it (it was not once discussed), but because the events remembered from childhood helped draw me towards simple prayer, simple prayer of the sort that unites those who pray in the hidden manner. It is prayer with decreasing thought of self, and if any who practice it open their lives to illustrate it, it is to point to prayer and not self.

Prayer, this sort of prayer, is not at all the same thing as public prayer, which differs not only in manner but in kind. Public prayer is a speaking, often of great value, about God. It deals tersely and tremendously with themes too vast for a statement or a sermon. But such communication, while it may reveal something about God, reveals nothing to God (unless he be thought to be a recluse who, unless specifically informed, lacks knowledge of what is going on). It is intended to instruct human beings. The instruction is about God rather than of God, and only formally are the words addressed to him. Great public prayers are eloquent rather then halting, coherent rather than fragmented. They should be, if they are to be deeply educational. When they are such, they can be incomparable preludes to private devotions, but precisely what public prayer is

private prayer is not. Be it remembered that Moses, finder of the ever-present God, is three times presented to us in the book of Exodus as a clumsy speaker, i.e., a stammerer. Rare indeed is the vocal prayer that in words reveals to God the hidden heart of him who prays, as do, for instance, many of the agonized cries of the Psalms, the simple utterances of St. Francis, the fevered demands of the Hasidim, or the Lord's Prayer and those two beyond-words vocalizations, "I believe, help thou my unbelief," and "Lord have mercy on me a sinner."

But prayer is just as social as it is secret. If we call out to the Ever-present, our cry echoes throughout creation, sometimes to return to confuse our ears. Most often, our prayers ricochet against the small troubles of daily life that involve persons among whom we live. And that is the life of prayer as it should be. But prayer, even as it relates to the everyday, also takes much of its tone from the great social crises and catastrophes in the life that surrounds those who pray.

The social purview of my grandmother centered on the last half of the nineteenth century, but it also extended backwards to the pioneer vistas of her grandparents and forward to the First World War and the beginnings of the Great Depression. From time to time during her later years, she would say aloud, "Oh the war" or "oh the depression." It was not that she had suddenly enlarged her spiritual purview to include social causes. It was, rather, that the content of her life was what was happening to people around her and not what was happening to her. The idea of living for herself seemed not to occur to her. The inward life of prayer had become unceasingly linked with outward reality.

I Will Never See His Grave: Memories of Albert Schweitzer

MARION MILL PREMINGER

I will never see his grave. We had agreed upon this during one of our endless talks. I have always kept my promises and I shall keep this one too, even more firmly now that he is no longer among the living. "Don't you come back to Lambarene after I am gone," he told me then. "What is of real significance in me will always stay with you. Please do not mourn and do not wear black!" And, with one of his expressive gestures, he added: "Well . . . you know what I think of all this and other external manifestations. Promise me right now that you will not be concerned about a monument. I already know that some people will not leave you in peace and will insist on it. I want to lie forever under this palm tree," and he pointed to a palm tree growing opposite his living quarters.

I am the only living person, with the exception of his two oldest coworkers, who had spent all his birthdays with him, from his seventy-fifth to this ninetieth. About a month before his death I received the longest, friendliest, and warmest letter he ever wrote to me, full of gratitude for all I did for the leper colony, for the hospital and for him. The letter ended with these words: "I know, nobody keeps my birthdays as religiously as you do. Come earlier this year and stay longer, so that we have ample time to philosophize. I promise you this will be a much quieter birthday than the ninetieth was." He kept his promise—as he always did. The ninety-first birthday will be much quieter for me than any of his other birthdays.

And then came the week of anguish when the radio broadcasted daily bulletins: The *Grand Docteur* has collapsed from overfatigue . . . there might be some hope . . . he is in a coma . . . he has passed away, quietly, in peace and in dignity.

A long distance call came from Paris. After slamming the telephone

Marion Preminger was a close friend of Albert Schweitzer, the Nobel Peace Prize recipient and physician who cared for Africa's poor for over fifty years. She visited him in Africa each year on his birthday. At home in New York, she was deeply involved in the work of FiP.

down, I stood before his bust, shivering in the summer heat. I looked out of the window on Park Avenue. The sky was blue like the African sky over Lambarene he had loved so much and we had gazed at so often together. I stood there, dry-eyed, swallowing hard—I don't know how long, maybe for hours . . . I wished I could have cried, or shouted, or done something, but I just stood there silently.

Tears sprang only when I received a telephone call from my old window cleaner. "You don't remember me, m'child, Dr. Preminger," he said, "I am your old, old window cleaner. I remember when I cleaned the windows in your small apartment years ago I always looked in at the bust of Dr. Schweitzer, while standing outside your window, and I polished and polished the glass until I could see clearly the face of the Old Doctor. I loved him so much!" Suddenly I began to sob: "*Oh, Grand Docteur, Grand Docteur*!" and the old window cleaner cried: "Oh, m'child, what a great loss for all the poor people in the world, what a great loss for such a poor old man as me. I never go out without the little book of his life story you gave me ten years ago."

This old weeping window cleaner, who always carried a small worn book in his pocket, was a symbol of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's entire life. I could not imagine that during his lifetime, which ran four months short of ninety-one years, there could have been one single person, old or young, rich or poor, who would not have loved him. In his living and loving he was as innocent and pure-hearted as a child or a saint.

I cried when the newspapers showed the picture of the simple wooden box, the coffin of every patient who dies at the hospital. I cried when I saw them carry the white wooden cross he had made himself. I cried when I heard that my adopted leper children from the leper village where he had named the main square "Place de la Mere Marion" sang in Galoa dialect "*Ioanni inani kende kende*" ("May you rest in peace"). I cried when I read that our greatest humanitarian was buried in the red African soil like the poorest native from the jungle, in accordance with his own wishes. I cried when I learned that they sang his favorite psalm "*Reste avec nous Seigneur, reste avec nous.*" The second verse they sang in German: "*Ach bleib mit Deiner Gnade*" ("Rest with your grace").

I cried when I heard that President Leon M'Ba of the Republic of Gabon, where the Doctor had spent the last fifty-two years of his life, claimed him as the oldest and most famous Gabonese: "The venerable and venerated citizen of the world has passed away. The African soil

accepts him as the most precious gift it has ever received. *Grand Docteur*, now you will be ours forever."

At dawn the bell, presented to him on his eightieth birthday, started to toll. "I love the sound of this bell," he often said, and how often he called my attention to the little grey birds which flew around it, singing the most complicated Bach embellishments, because they never heard any other music. He loved the nests of the birds in the trees. He loved the trees in the jungle.

The rainy season is just beginning in Lambarene. When the wind dies down the trees in the jungle are silent. They have a bitter smell. He loved this bitter smell.

I didn't dare to open the drawers where I kept more than three hundred of his letters. I didn't dare to look into these papers and all my other priceless Lambarene mementoes. I kept all his letters, the briefest messages he wrote to me, every scrap of the notes he made when he re-edited his book about Johann Sebastian Bach, some beautifully smooth pebbles he picked up from the banks of the Ogowe River in the *saison sèche*, when you could walk into the middle of the river without getting wet. "It looks like the second day of the Creation. The sky goes into the river, the river into the jungle. What a romantic place. It would be so natural if an ichtyosaurus, or some other prehistoric animal, would appear on the horizon. What a strange thing that we human beings are here," he told me once.

I didn't dare to look at the many photographs taken by hundreds of tourists during the last fifteen years, mostly on a bench near the Moslem cemetary he gave to the Housa tribe. Every year I had engraved the date of his birthday on this bench. This year there was very little space left on it. He remarked pensively: "There is no more place for another birthday." Half a dozen people, guests and staff, assured in unison that there were ten more places. He did not smile. "I made this bench, *mon Grand Docteur*," I said "and there is enough space on it for you to be a hundred! Do you want to bet again?" I asked. "No more betting for me," he re-

He worked silently, day and night, winter and summer, in the most torrid heat, and always for others. This was the proof that he had not only coined the term "reverence for life," but that he lived it—and it was hard to live it in this century and in the African jungle.

plied, "because I don't want you to lose." This was the last time we sat together on the wooden bench known in whole Gabon. I will never see it again.

We had made the first bet on his eightieth birthday. He told me then that he didn't expect to live much longer. I answered I was sure we would be around on his ninetieth birthday. He said it was a bet. That evening I placed, as I had done it every year, the number of his birthday before his dinner plate and said: "I'll take with me only the number eight, so that I will have to buy one number only, the number nine for your ninetieth birthday—and the zero we'll use again in ten years." Everybody at the table laughed and the Doctor said gayly: "You certainly caught the Schweitzer spirit of thrift!" And he repeated then the words I will treasure till the end of my life: "Nobody knows me better than you do."

On January 14th of this year—his ninetieth birthday—he recalled our bet and asked me how it was to be paid. The only thing I wanted was the thirty-two year old pair of shoes I had always seen him wear. At first they had been used to play the organ; later on they were worn on the hospital compound, and still later in the muddy earth when we built the new leper village. He gave me the shoes, and also the black pastor's tie he had worn only for funerals.

In 1952, after he had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, Dr. Schweitzer decided to build a permanent village for the lepers, who had lived until then in a cluster of thatch-roofed huts. Standing like a giant palm tree among all other palms, he fought the white ants which destroyed his hospital, he fought famine, he fought epidemics—but neither starvation nor disease could weaken his iron will. He went on working, building the leper village, maternity wards, a mental asylum, until the hospital can now take care of five hundred and fifty patients, two hundred lepers, and the innumerable ambulatory cases that flock in daily for treatment.

His hospital, as poor as it is, is a living monument to his principle of reverence for life. He fed, housed, clothed, nursed and medicated all its patients, and human kindness was one of his most potent medicines. True, it had no running water and no electricity, yet it was a beacon of light to all other hospitals.

The miraculous thing about this hospital and the Grand Docteur was not what he was doing in Africa but what others did because of him all over the world. He made millions of people discover their own heart.

They followed his teachings—reverence for life for everything living, for everything breathing.

In his body he had a handful of flesh with the image of God—his heart. He could not see people suffer. In this century, when cruelty and war are a natural state of affairs, this last Universal Sage was teaching in the jungle the fundamentals of his religion of love: Reverence for Life.

He was not only great because he was a great scientist, a great philosopher, a great historian, a great musician, a great doctor, a great humanitarian, a great teacher—he was great because he himself was a lesson in humble service to humanity. He said to his disciples: "Truth has no special time of its own—its time is now, always." Such teaching had no introspective frontiers and that is why he had so many followers, more and more day after day, as there are a million blades of grass to one oak tree. He was a one man Peace Corps, long before anybody had dreamed about it, when he said in 1910: "I want to do good—and not preach it." He was the twentieth century greatest philanthropist because he gave himself.

I always thought when looking at him: "What a wonderful contradiction. The greatest philanthropist of this century is a poor man. He lives

Cliff Moore

in a simple wooden house and his 'new' shoes are eighteen years old!" I marveled that he did not know he was a philanthropist, for I am sure that saints do not know they are saints in their lifetime, and a giant palm tree does not know how high it towers above the other trees. He was an ordained minister, but he became a manual laborer and remained one almost to his last days. He worked silently, day and night, winter and summer, in the most torrid heat, and always for others. This was the proof that he had not only coined the term "reverence for life," but that he lived it—and it was hard to live it in this century and in the African jungle.

He was one of the greatest thinkers of the contemporary world. With him thought and action were one, and that is the most one can say about a thinker. He combined force with balance, originality and breadth. His doors were never closed, everybody was allowed to enter. He was an epitome of tolerance and a tower of patience.

I shall keep my promise. I will never see his grave under his favorite palm tree. I know that I shall not think more or less of him than I did at any other time, since I have been thinking of him all through my adult life, whether I saw him or not, whether I heard him or not. Wherever I was, near him or far away, I believed in him with all my awareness and when I think of the space, the universe, the new technical inventions, I want to cry because I can no longer share my thoughts with him. Every year I had cut clippings from magazines and newspapers, which I brought with me to Lambarene: a beautiful new bridge, an unusually good looking baby, a deer somewhere in a forest. He loved animals with an intense passion, and he hated pain. At rare times, when I saw him upset and sad it was because of sick people in pain who could not be helped. He was unable to understand how healthy people could live without helping others and without reverence for life. "Ethics is nothing else but reverence for life, he said. "When will people understand that?"

I will always feel the brotherly love that was so deeply rooted in his heart. I will always feel that the old dying leper woman, whose hands he held all night long, was really I and all the people in the world, the baby he picked up was all the babies in the world, and the ants he protected were really all the animals in the world. I will feel his presence wherever I am when something new will happen in the world, the solar system, the universe, anything connected with the life he loved so much. I will see his majestic head, his face lighted with a smile, and feel the heart behind the brain that wanted to sacrifice all for the sake of mankind. I

will never stop loving him for the miraculous bond he created between people. All this because I feel more than ever since his death that knowledge belongs to everybody, that love is the only patrimony of humanity, and kindness the only torch which lightens the world.

"In all our lives comes a time when our inner light goes out and could be put to flame again by the encounter with another human being." For millions of lonesome and forlorn people Dr. Albert Schweitzer was such a human being.

He left this legacy:

"Because I have confidence in the power of truth and of the spirit, I believe in the future of mankind."

I always remember his words and his teachings. I know the titles of all his books in all their translations. I know all his anniversaries, his wedding day, his mother's birthday, the dates of his honors. He didn't remember when he became an ordained minister, but I knew it was on the 23rd of September, 1900. I knew the most important day of his life—January 14, 1905—when he forsook worldly ambitions for the pursuit of his spiritual ideals. I was the one who remembered every year the Friday before Easter, since that was the day in 1913 when he, one of the most revered men in Europe, went as an unknown missionary doctor to a little known continent: Africa.

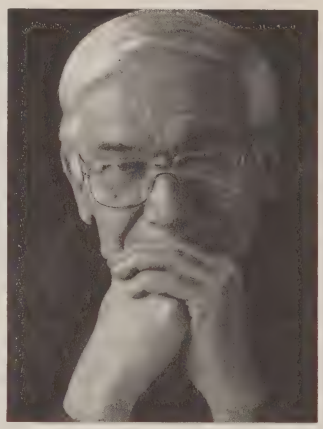
All the occurrences of life filled him with joy: the fact that he was born, that he had a happy childhood and learned easily, that his ears had been created for music. He got a great amount of pleasure when a breeze came and he was able to breathe some fresh air. He was able to rejoice when he felt the rain and saw a rainbow after a storm. The glorious magnificence above him and around him enchanted him always. He loved God and all his creations. He was a Man of God.

In later years, when sitting with him in the sizzling equatorial heat, one didn't feel that he had the harmonies of Bach in his ears, or the poems of Goethe on his lips, or the philosophy of Kant in his brain—only the Mercy of God that was in his heart.

Only now do I begin to understand why he said I should not return to Lambarene after his death, for I know that what was significant in him, his being with all its vitality, will remain omnipresent in me. I know now that in his death he will become more demanding than when he was alive. I feel that he will not make mourning easy for me. He is dead—but he refuses to become a memory. He forbids monuments. He insists on staying alive in the stream of events. He will always exist.

Recipe for the Simple Life

PAUL GRIFFITH



Paul Griffith

Having just come back from Nantucket, with my eyes focused for either the long-swelling green waves of both the sea and the moors or for the closeness of morning fog or the distance and dimness of the sort that falls by moonlight, and my nervous system at rest as a result of the heat of the sun cooled by constant winds from the southwest, and all my senses restored to the delicate scents of broom, wild roses, and the honeysuckle night itself and to the sturdy day-long singing of birds, I am interested for my own sake in preserving what I can of the simple life I have been leading. I am conscious that this life is the way to exist in which my being can appreciate best and most conscientiously what is essential and what is not.

Coming home, I am startled by the moil and confusion in the air over Long Island, by the pollution that stings my eyes the instant I step off the plane, and above all, by the noise—Muzak, and traffic, and radio and TV and, when I reach home, the telephone. Add the visual counterparts of such distractions—the moving montage of lights on turnpikes, the sights to be beheld on TV, the photographs in magazines and newspapers. Add the countless messages being sent to us by one media or another. And the result is a concatenation in which the simple life does not exist at all except by the most steadfast effort and desire.

I have learned (all over again, which is my way) that to get back to the simple life I have to exert myself; and I do. When I look closely at these efforts I notice how much they resemble a closing-up of self, self-concern, and withdrawal. They aren't what they look like. For such things cannot be part of the simple life. Founded in anger, despair, or irritation, or a desire for reparation or retaliation, they only perpetuate and increase the pain of complexity and connection. Their exact opposites—patience rather than irritation, lovingness rather than anger, faith rather than despair—are the fundamental ingredients of the simple life. With them, I

Paul Griffith was Editor of FiP *from 1966 until 1983.*

have learned, it is possible to sit down in the very eye of the hurricane, with the world blowing apart both above and around your head and even under your feet, and to stay there in perfect confidence that you are being sustained, that all really is well despite what is looks like outside.

The creation of this everlasting shelter is not ours. It is a gift that is available if we want it. Wanting it is the one action open to us. And if we do want it, everything else that interrupts begins to fall away. The only problem, I would say from experience, is to want it enough. Our reasons for wanting it are easily come by, for they are all human reasons. Plain weariness is enough. Or longing for creativeness within ourselves. Or the realization that only in such a safe place can we find that consciousness of connection with eternity which is our lifelong goal.

A LATTERDAY CONFUCIAN: REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM HUNG

by Susan Chen Egan, Harvard East Asian Monographs, Harvard University, 1987

Often one's professional career and religious activities seem to stand apart. Reflection however would discover common threads that tie them together. The long though truncated life of Professor William Hung (1893-1980), may serve as a fitting illustration as well as a powerful reminder.

He was a successful educator and leading historian in a missionary university in China for more than two decades, until after World War II, when circumstances forced upon him a lonely life as a rarely known research scholar at Harvard. His desire to be of active service led to his joining Carl Allison Evans, an old friend on the missionary education board, as a key founding member of the Fellowship in Prayer. The first president of this organization, he was on the board continually until his death in 1980.

For this remarkable man and his interesting life, a helpful biographical account has now appeared. The author is Susan Chen Egan, to whom the professor had left the story of his manifold activities, as he recalled it, through weekly taping sessions. Admirably put together, the book is so charming, enjoyable, and at the same time striking that a reader can almost hear the engaging voice and the hearty laughter of the old master himself.

"A Latterday Confucian" is no doubt an appropriate description. From a slightly different perspective, however, Professor Hung may appear as a modern Christian-Confucian, who advanced modern missionary education in China to go along with its Confucian heritage and imparted Confucian values in a rapidly changing Christian and indeed inter-faith world.

After a classical Chinese education, Hung was further educated in history at Ohio Wesleyan and Columbia and in religion at Union Theological Seminary. In the 1920s, he and a missionary, Mr. Henry White Luce (the father of the *Time* magazine founder) traveled around the country to raise funds for college education in China. Hung then returned to his country. Was he not expected to promote Christianity there?

He did, in a modern progressive way. At that time various missions ran their own separate colleges, none of them at a high academic standard. Along with other pioneers Mr. Hung advocated a pooling of resources to form one union institution, thereby demonstrating the Christians' spirit of tolerance and compassion among themselves, the spirit a then divided China sorely needed. The result was Yenching University, outside the ancient capital of Peking (or Peiping, now Beijing), which soon emerged as one of the best universities in China.

How was religion propagated on the Yenching campus? To the chagrin of many old timers, Hung, who became the Dean, abolished the requirements of compulsory chapel attendance and Bible studies. Does this mean he was a radical? Not quite at all; he was merely progressive, as well as deeply Confucian in the belief that the truth should be able to prevail through moral persuasion—as Confucius said—not by doctrinaire requirements.

The dean was also a teacher, a very popular one. As a historian he had no use for either grand concepts or fascinating interpretations. On the contrary he led the students of his famous seminar through fragmented books, torn pages, and shabby manuscripts—which he humorously called "rubbish"—to reconstruct neglected, factual truth. Seeking the truth is of course the approach of science, but it is also the hallmark of both Christian and Confucian teaching.

Seminars and research apart, the most important and in fact ever-lasting contribution Hung made to Chinese Studies was his laborious preparation of voluminous indices to more than sixty ancient Chinese classics, each with a painstakingly critical evaluation of the text transmitted by copying through countless generations. What was the spirit behind it? It was Hung's energetic demonstrations of two traditions: the Christian concept of service and the Confucian emphasis on transmission.

Space allows no recounting of Hung's energetic and colorful life. Nor is it necessary to repeat it. One simply has to read this smooth narrative to enjoy Mr. Hung's reminiscences, the pre-war conditions in China, his influence on numerous friends and their struggles, his return visit to Harvard before Pearl Harbor, what happened to Yenching University on that fateful day, his half-year imprisonment by the Japanese, and his sad disillusionment after the war. Practically every other page contains some enlightening if not entertaining anecdote.

On his fourth visit to America, life suddenly took a downward turn for Hung. Power changed hands in China and he had to choose between

a land where neither Confucianism nor Christianity was honored and a reclusive haven at Harvard. Resolutely he chose the latter, even though he fell from a prominent professorship to a rather obscure research position. At Harvard he enthusiastically gave advice to many graduate students and even to some professors, without receiving in return either credit or recognition. But his willingness to help others to learn exemplified both the Confucian spirit and Christian service at their best.

Obscurity hardly stifles a creative mind; Hung made a new start by joining the Fellowship in Prayer. Conditions in China made him realize that the Confucian philosophy would hardly stand by itself as a religious anchor. On the other hand, experience with churches and missionaries made him aware that Western religion with its cultural constraints would not quite work elsewhere. The hope for humanity obviously points toward an interfaith outlook.

A key to all faiths, Hung felt, is prayer and all that implies: concepts, discipline, pragmatism, devotion, reflection, meditation, psychology, and above all transcendence. To presume that one knows the way is to close up all other avenues. To assume that other ways are worth sharing is to reach out to one another.

Outwardly glory has passed Hung by. Someone even said that his old age was in limbo. This is in total disregard of his inner life, as Mrs. Egan's tantalizing biography reveals. By a mundane yardstick, was Jesus in human life a great success? Likewise, was Confucius widely recognized during his lifetime? Decades ago, Hung wrote a sermon on their so-called but most meaningful "failure." That is, their seeming failure at the time according to worldly standards of temporal power, wealth, prestige, or even number of followers; in fact, a meaningful demonstration that these things do not matter much; and a supremely important message for humanity as to what really matters in eternal time.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY JAMES T. C. LIU

1990 will be a year of intense activity and, we expect, vibrant growth for Fellowship in Prayer.

On June 5, we will celebrate the 40th anniversary of our organization with a gala dinner honoring our co-founder, Kathryn G. Brown. The event will be held in Princeton, New Jersey (where our headquarters are located) and everyone who cares about FIP and its purpose is invited. We urge you to come and get to know each other, the staff, the trustees, advisors, authors, and supporters of Fellowship in Prayer. Details will be announced later, but be sure to save the date—June 5, 1990—on your calendar. (A word to the wise. Reserve your place, or table for ten, as soon as possible.)

On September 22, 1990, FIP will sponsor a "Worldwide Day of Prayer and Meditation to Help Heal Mother Earth." People all across the country and around the world will be asked, through the newspapers, radio, and television, to rise at dawn and spend the next hour with their family and friends in prayer and meditation on the divinity of God's creation and how we can help restore it to its original, polution-free glory. In selected cities, the day will begin with a Sunrise Ceremony led by representatives of the major faith traditions and end with a major event in the evening.

We'll fill you in on the details as plans are firmed up. Write us if you'd like to receive our "intra-family" bi-monthly newsletter. It carries news of our current and contemplated activities and the doings of our active friends and supporters.

Our Committee of Advisors for Fellowship in Prayer's Worldwide Day of Prayer and Meditation to help Heal Mother Earth was greatly strengthened in July when Thich Nhat Hanh, the world-famous peace activist, poet, and Zen Master accepted President Paul Walsh's invitation to become a member of the Committee.

In June the noted anthropologist, author, and president of the Ojai Foundation in California, Joan Halifax, who integrates the spiritual paths of Buddhism, Deep Ecology, and Native American religious practices, agreed to become a member of the Committee.

Early in July Father Daniel Martin, director of the Wainwright Institute on Global Issues and Religious Advisor to the United Nations Environment Programme, agreed to join the Committee of Advisors, and

volunteered to help arrange for a sunrise ceremony to be held on the United Nations Plaza on "Worldwide Day."

Other new advisors include Galen Drapeau, a Sioux medicine man and teacher of traditional spiritual ways, and Dr. Joseph Williamson, the new Dean of the Princeton University Chapel.

I have just received the last issue of *FiP*. As usual, I am impressed with the quality and diversity of content.

As Coordinator of the Spiritual Exercises Apostolate in this area, I have used the magazine with two groups of Spiritual Directors who have found it helpful both for personal prayer and for use with others broadening sensitivity and understanding of the spiritual life. Many of these Directors now receive their own personal copies of the magazine through subscription.

May God continue to bless you in your outstanding work of promoting peace and fellowship in prayer in a world where "religion" is the cause of so much disunity and bloodshed.

Ruth Cornwell; Ontario, Canada

Your magazine continues to be of tremendous consolation as I go through these interesting years of college. Thank you and God bless!

Lee W. Hibbets; Georgetown University, Washington, D.C.

A few years ago I began receiving *FiP*. To this day I do not know from whose guiding hand it came.

During the last month, after a shift in my spiritual practice (Zen), and a number of joyful experiences related to that shift, I picked up one of your issues and began reading. Voices sounding chords, chords making movements, making a symphony.

Time to pass it on.

David L. Sawyer; San Juan Capistrano, CA

FiP has been of great meaning to me—one of the treasures of my days. Thank you!

Joan W. Elliott; Ross, CA

A special "thanks" for the August President's Message [on prayers for environmental healing—Ed.] It and "A Spirituality of Aging" by Carl J. C. Wolf encourage me in my effort at eighty years to say "thanks" to the Presence that guides my days.

Thank you and bless you!

Lucy Motkai; Lubbock, TX

FiP continues beautifully, and so I want to make a contribution for someone else.

I thank you especially for the article in your August issue on the spirituality of aging by Carl J. C. Wolf. He has quoted some of my favorite people: Old friends like C. G. Jung, Albert Schweitzer, Teilhard de Chardin, and John Yungblut. I had the privilege once of attending a workshop he led.

Thank you for your sensitivity to our needs.

Annabel H. Bertrand; Rome, GA

A Sister for whom I sent a subscription to *FiP* is *so* pleased with it! And I am grateful for my copy. I'm glad I found you at the retreat center I visited this past June.

The best to you and to all who make this publication possible. We are one in the Lord and are united to our God through love, prayer, and service.

Sr. Vincentius Zimmer, O.P.; Chicago, IL

I love your magazine so very much! I'm forever touched by the common thread found in all the varied paths. It's as though a *smorgasbord* has been prepared in sensitivity to our different natures and different tastes. And it's all loving food for the soul that originates in our same one Source. The Creator truly is infinite and wise, as well as loving and sensitive to all our varied needs and spiritual make-ups. Love and Truth are timeless, but in the limited human world of time and space, the Creator is providing the seasonings and dressings that our spiritual digestive systems need.

I thank you deeply for your efforts toward union, as I join with you in opening my heart for the feast that you offer. I feel well nourished as I sample the different foods at your table, and I am often surprised to discover that certain foods which once seemed unpalatable to me (although I had never tried them), have become very pleasing to the taste once given a try.

May each of you there continue to be well nourished.

Anne Lavigne; Pelham, NH

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